# For Pete's Sake

## WANTED: THIS PUNK

REWARD

# NEW TORK TIMES

A Publication of For Pete's Sake June/July 1988 #9

Hi Kids! Shortly after the last issue of the newsletter went out, Jennifer McLeod called our president, Teresa. She told us that Peter loved the scrapbook which the club had given to him as a Christmas present. And as thanks they were sending autographed photos of Peter to all who were members of the club at that time. Jennifer also told us that she had a very limited quantity of the red and black tiger striped shirts like the one Peter wore during the 1987 concert tour. She offered those to our club to sell. Notices were sent out to all members and from the letters sent in eight lucky winners were drawn to be able to purchase those shirts. We want to thank Jennifer so much for all she has done. She is a great lady! In this issue we have an interview with Jennifer that we know you will enjoy.

Peter had been up for a part in a horror movie but later backed out. He said that the movie did not meet up to professional standards. Peter and Jennifer showed up at the celebration at the Nuart Theatre in LA. There was a question and answer session. While he was there he stayed at the Sunset Marquis.

Rhino has released the 2 lp set available at concerts last year. Its' official date of release is June, but if you've ordered the video, you will receive a flyer for it. They have been filling orders before it's release date. Rhino also lost its' bid to keep the Monkee tracs for future release, so there may not be any more rarities lps.

WBAU radio has changed the name of their Monkees program from "The Monkees Hour" to "Headquarters" due to the threat of a lawsuit from Columbia Pictures Television. Since they would have to pay a fortune to license the name "The Monkees" they opted to change the show's title. The show was off the air for a couple of weeks because of this but has now returned to the air waves. We would like everyone to write letters to your local "oldies" radio stations to get this show syndicated in your area.

The Seattle WA convention has been cancelled. Here are the conventions that have been confirmed: 1988 Monkees West Fest, July 9 & 10, c/o Pat Albericci, 10795 Coloma Rd. #4, Rancho Cordova, CA 95670. Southwest Monkees Fiesta June 10-12, c/o S.W.B.E.I.,1625 S. Avendia Sirio, Tucson, AZ 85710. The Chicago convention is set for Sept. 1-3. No address at this time.

For Pete's Sake is now offering to our members the Peter Pack. This is from 1981 when he was with the New Monks. The pack consists of one Tork Talk newsletter, one Peter's Back picture sticker, a poster of Peter with four zany jumping poses and the single "Higher and Higher" b/w "Steppin' Stone" which is autographed by Peter. These are real collector's items and we are offering them to you for $30.00 per pack. We can only offer them until July 15. Make checks or money orders payable to For Pete's Sake and send to the club address.

Chip Douglas, who produced Headquarters, is making available the "Christmas Is My Time Of Year/White Christmas" single. The cost is $7.50 plus .50 for postage & handling. Send orders to Jodi Hammrich, P.O. Box 411, Watertown, SD 57201-0411.

In this month's issue we have an article that appeared in 16 magazine in the 60's on Peter's Secret Past, our interview with Jennifer, a review of the celebration at the Nuart Theatre by Charlotte Irons, an article on The Characters, and a sequel to The Devil and Peter Tork, And How Much To Care by Susan Santo. That's all the news for this time. See you in August. Bye Kids!

# PETER TORK'S SECRET PAST

## CHAPTER 1

## BY LANCE WAKELY

*"The first time I saw Peter I didn't particularly notice his act, but when I heard his 'spiel' afterwards I nearly fell over."*

**ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

*Lance Wakely arrived in Greenwich Village about the same time Peter Tork did. The Village, as you probably know, is the center and meeting place for the talented, but unemployed, "folk" singers and musicians of the world. From the street corners, coffee houses and "basket clubs" of the Village have emerged such stars as Peter, Paul & Mary, Bob Dylan, The Mamas & The Papas, the Lovin' Spoonful and many others. The newest name in the Village "Hall Of Fame" is Peter Tork.*

*Lance Wakely still lives in the Village, and over the years has acquired what is probably the highest honor in all folkdom: from the famous stars to the least-known Villager, Lance is considered the best guitar player on the scene. They call him "the guitarist's guitarist". One day you'll be reading Lance's story in the pages of 16. Meanwhile, listen to Lance as he takes you back through the years to the penniless but happy days when he and Peter Tork were buddies.*

THE FIRST TIME I saw Peter Tork was in a Greenwich Village "basket house" called The Pad. In those days, "basket houses" were all the rage. Unemployed singers and musicians would wander into a coffee house and, with the permission of the manager, would sing a few numbers and then hopefully pass a basket – explaining to the audience that *that* was the way they got paid. There were lots of guys who did this, but Peter was one of the most successful – and I might add that he never passed a basket; he passed his banjo. But we'll get to that later in the story.

In March, 1963, I arrived in the Village from Chicago. I had been playing acoustical guitar and had been singing for two years with groups and also alone. I had my own rock 'n' roll band in high school, and as a counsellor in summer camp I'd learned a lot about folk music. When I heard the Kingston Trio for the first time – that did it! I decided that I had to be a folk musician. I was 17 and too young to play in Chicago clubs, so I decided to go to New York – to the "great Greenwich Village" – where I "wood shed", "pay my dues" (meaning learning and rehearsing), and then go on to become a famous folk musician. I hitchhiked to New York and arrived in the Village, but I wasn't alone for long. It's easy to make friends there, and there's always someone who will put you up for a night.

The first time I saw Peter was in The Pad, where he had come to do a guest set. I later learned that he had been hanging around MacDougal Street (we called it "Funnyville") for quite a few weeks. About that time Casey Anderson, a folk singer, was holding informal song-swapping sessions at a coffee house that used to be called Abdo's – and Peter used to play there, where he had already gained a reputation as a pretty good banjo picker. Actually, he stood out from the crowd, because he seemed to have a more complete formal music background than the others. For instance, he played the first baroque arrangement of an Elizabethan folk song that I had ever heard – and if you listen to Donovan's latest LP, you'll see that that is exactly what he (Donovan) is doing now.

Anyway, Peter (or Tork, as most of us called him) came into The Pad to do a "guest set" – that meant he was working in another coffee house, but came over to fill in for someone who couldn't make it to The Pad. He had practically no hair (by today's standards, that is) and it was combed straight back. He wore a red-checked hunting jacket, a blue sweat-shirt, beat-up jeans, dirty sneakers, a bedroll on his back and his banjo – which always hung around his neck. I didn't particularly notice his act, but when I heard his "spiel" afterwards I nearly fell over. He really knew how to get the customers to shell out.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he would say, with a great flourish, "as you know, we poor folk singers don't get paid by the management – so we are forced to pass the basket and place ourselves at your generous mercy. If you like what I've done, please make a contribution. This will help keep me off the streets at night, get me a good spaghetti dinner once in a while, and enable me to buy stamps to write home to dear old mom. Now, I'm going to pass my banjo around and if you put in silver *it* will go 'clink-clink,' but – ah! – if you put in folding money, *I* will go 'swishhh!' Now, if I go 'swishhh,' everybody will know that you are not only a music lover, but a great philanthropist."

At this point, Peter jumped off the stage and began to pass his banjo around. I was amazed at the "clinks" and "swishhhs" he got from the audience. He was really different; he was funny. He had more personality than all the rest. I remember thinking even then that Peter wasn't just a musician. He was more of an all 'round entertainer.

A few days later I bumped into Tork again, and became aware of another of his outstanding characteristics. He was friendly. In fact, he was *the friendliest guy in Greenwich Village!* He came right up to me and started talking. Soon, we were having coffee together, and soon we were planning to do sets together. Before I go into that, however, I must tell you about one particularly funny night when I dropped into the Playhouse Cafe while Peter was working alone.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," I heard him saying, "I'm going to sing you a couple of original tunes. You may not know it, but I have a little brother who is a great songwriter. As a matter of fact, he's working on a complete musical score for the theatre right now. His name is Nick Tork, and you'll be hearing a lot about him one day." Then he launched into one of the most ridiculous and funny tunes I have ever heard. All I can remember about it is its title – *Under The Undertaker Gah-Goo-Gah.* When the audience "revived", Peter launched into another of his brother's ditties – all about an alligator named Albert, who got flushed down the toilet! Well, some of the Village cats may have sneered at that, but the audience ate it up – and Peter got even *more* "clinks" and "swishhhs" in his banjo!

Another thing about Peter was his *willingness*. Although all

Peter gets ready for a "basket house" performance.*

"Under The Undertaker, Gah-Goo-Gah. . . ." *

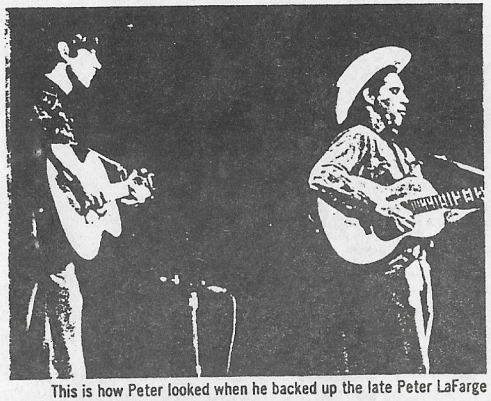
His fingers — always losing by a note or two.*

For all of this hustling, Pete would get maybe five or ten dollars on a weekday, and 20 or 30 bucks on a Friday or Saturday night. By 4 A.M., Tork would be in pretty much of a shambles physically, and he would fall into an all-night pizza place, eat himself a pie or two, and then come home and flop out till it was time to start all over again.

## PETER GOES TO HOLLYWOOD

In mid-July I started working with Bob Gibson, and I was on the road all the time. I moved out of the apartment. Shortly after I left, Peter gave up the apartment, because he couldn't afford the $90 a month rent. One night we were sitting in the Kettle Of Fish talking, and Pete was really down. He told me he thought California was the only answer. "I mean, Lance, like I am never going to get anywhere in the Village. I hear it's really starting to swing out there. I guess I gotta hitchhike out there and try my luck."

Pete took off for the West Coast. Every now and then I would hear rumors that he was singing or washing dishes somewhere. I never forgot and, of course, I was really interested in what was happening to him.



This is how Peter looked when he backed up the late Peter LaFarge at Carnegie Hall.

Peter with his first goatee. He is shown at the Night Owl in 1965, digging the Lovin' Spoonful.

Once, Pete came back to New York for a short time, and it was great to see him because he was really up. He told me about all the groovy new people he had met and played with — and how the music scene was really taking hold in Los Angeles. Another time, he came back from California and stayed at my apartment on Downing Street, where he slept on the couch. Actually, he didn't get much sleep. He told me about an ad he had answered in *Variety*, and about how he had been picked to be one of the Monkees.

"It's a crazy kind of an idea for a TV show," he said. "It's about these four young rock 'n' rollers and about all the nutty things that happen to them —". For some reason, Pete didn't want to go on, so I didn't pump him. I guess he didn't want to talk a lot and then have it *not* happen. Like that would be really embarrassing.

But as we sat there in my little apartment, I felt very strongly that Pete was on the brink of something great. That this was his big *chance*. That he was about to do all of the things he *ever* dreamed of. That meant he was going to perform for a lot of people, sing, do comedy, make people happy, gain security and respect — and most of all, become a well-known music personality. Well, Pete went back to stay in California and it *did happen*. And it happened like the biggest thing since the Beatles! Yes, Peter has really done it, and I guess I am as proud and happy as he is. I hope the TV series and his singing career go on forever!

Peter as he looked when he used to sing for his supper in a Greenwich Village coffeehouse.



of us wanted to work in the "basket houses", it was hard to get one person to go on stage and get the show started. Peter would always do this — and in a very cheerful manner. He was that *somebody* you could count on. He was very dedicated to his music and very ambitious, and even though he had a lot to learn vocally and musically there was an aura about him that made all of us feel that if anybody was ever going to make it big time from the Village, it would be Peter Tork.

Peter was also very much the "imp" of the Village. He was like a funny genie, with a lock of hair falling across his forehead and a big smile on his face (except when he would grimace, stick his tongue out and perform various rubber-face antics for the audience). He was very popular with the girls who would come to the Village with their parents on a Sunday afternoon, and — believe it or not — many of the parents were straight-out Tork fans! His songs were accompanied by a good deal of light, humorous patter. In fact, he talked a *lot*. He sometimes tried to intellectualize his tales and often became tongue-tied and confused in doing so — which only made the audience love him all the more. He always "wrapped up" his act with a classical piece, carefully plucked out on his funky banjo, *sans* vocal. It usually ended in a race — with Peter's fingers always losing by a few notes here and there. But with his performance he left a happy house — and, as a result, he was very much in demand.

Along about this time I had become friendly with Ned, one of the Phoenix Singers, and I would stay in Ned's apartment while he was on the road. Peter and I were playing sets together now and then, and when Ned asked me to join the back-up group of the Phoenix Singers, he told me they were also looking for someone to replace a fellow named Steve, who had been drafted into military service. Steve played both guitar and banjo and Peter was the only guy in the Village I knew of who could do that too, so I recommended him.

At this point, Peter was living in a three-room, cold water flat on Bedford Street. You'd have to see the place to believe it. It came complete with assorted bugs (you name 'em—his pad had 'em, from roaches on down). Since neither of us could afford a choice in the matter, I moved in with him and we set about decorating the place in "contemporary side-street" (that is, discarded furniture we found in the various Greenwich Village alleyways) and Salvation Army specials. Believe it or not, we didn't even have a shower—so we used to have to "borrow" the shower of the two girls who lived upstairs!

Here's as good a time as any to talk about girls. Next to his music, girls interested Peter Tork more than anything else in the whole wide world. He loved them *all*—and most of them loved him. Peter wasn't tall, dark or handsome, but he made up for his liabilities with his great warmth, enthusiasm and sense of humor. He was also basically a very kind and giving person. He just had a way of making people happy even when he was broke, freezing cold and there were no prospects for work in the future. That Pied Piper-ish quality Peter had attracted girls of all shapes and sizes. He had many brief romances and a couple of very serious ones, and even to today Peter is still good friends with almost every girl he knew, dated, or fell in love with during his Greenwich Village days.

**More about all that later — like in the April issue of 16. It goes on sale February 21. So I'll see you then!**

**But Peter always had a "rubber face" for Bob's camera!***

**Peter as he looks today.**

## IN STEP WITH JENNIFER MCLEOD

Full Name: Jennifer Susan McLeod
Birthplace: Montreal, Quebec, Canada
Birthdate: October 24
Any Pets? Two cats - Stella and Phosfer
Brothers & Sisters? Ian - an older brother
Hobbies: Movies, reading, baseball
Where and when did you and Peter meet? We met in September 1981 in a Bagel Nosh in New York City where we were introduced by mutual friends.
What's your favorite:
Color: Changes
Song: Changes - different song have meant a great deal to me at different times in my life.
Monkee song: Gettin' In
Monkee episode: Can't choose
Book: Same answer as "song".
Kind of music: I like jazz a lot but also parts of most other musical genres.
Movie: No all time favorite.
T.V. Show: Hill Street Blues/LA Law
Food: Spicy
Flower: There's beauty and pleasure for me in all flowers.
Season: Autumn
Sport: Baseball
Actor: Robert DeNiro and Ian McKellan
Actress: Don't really have one.
Singer/group: Sting, David Bowie, Springsteen
What do you think of Peter's fans? I think Peter's fans are very loyal and generous, like most Monkee fans. I believe that very few other groups are as fortunate.
Do you play any musical instruments? If so, which ones? Clarinet & piano in a beginner's way.
Were you a fan of the Monkees in the 60's? Not really, but I remember liking "I'm A Believer" and "Daydream Believer".
What do you think of Micky and Davy? Davy has more heart than he realizes and Micky has more performing talent than he can accept.
Have you ever seen HEAD? What is you opinion of it? Only once, but I liked it a great deal and think it has generally been underrated. I also thoroughly enjoyed "33 1/3 Revolutions Per Monkee", although I only saw a very bad videotape of it.
What is your idea of a "romantic evening"? One thing I find very romantic is a carriage ride through Central Park on a beautiful moonlit night.
The favorite kinds of gifts you like to receive? Anything that comes from the heart.

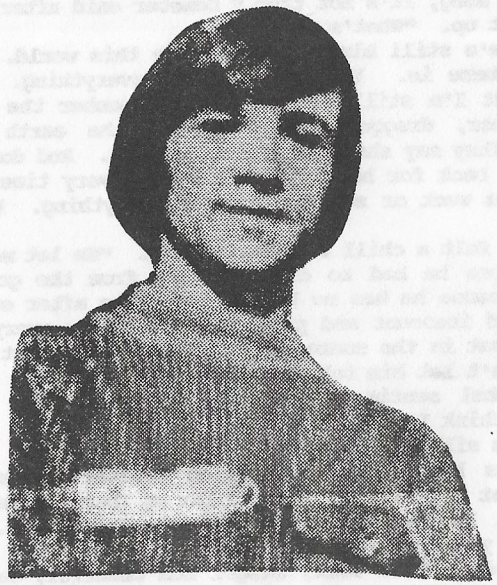
Please write a little something to Peter:

hi -> (little something)

Photo by Michael Bush

California here I come.... It had been 7 months since I had seen Peter and my fellow Monkee friends, so naturally I jumped at the chance to go to the Nuart to see HEAD that was highlighted with a visit from Peter.
Our group arrived at the Nuart around 4:00pm. To our surprise there were only 10 people ahead of us. If this were anywhere but LA - the line would have been around the block. At 7:00 we were allowed in to choose our seats. The lights dimmed and we were treated to a slide show. The movie was next. Audience participation is always welcome. The house lights came up and Peter was introduced. He looked incredible, wearing a McLeod original jacket over a blue turtleneck with jeans, wrestling shoes and of course, two different colored socks. The questions ranged from "What's your favorite episode?" to "What's your philosophy on life?" He told us Sushemi is raw tuna dipped in soy sauce and horseradish mixture - that goes down like ice cream. Ivan and Hallie are getting all his attention these days. Ivan put a sign on the bathroom mirror saying - OBJECTS IN MIRROR ARE CLOSER THAN THEY APPEAR. Hallie is graduating this year and will be majoring in dance in college. When asked if the Monkees would tour again he said that they would do an Atlantic City, Reno, Tahoe, Vegas casino tour. He stayed and chatted with us for one hour. Thanks, Peter, for taking time out of your schedule to visit. Remember three.

—Charlotte Irons





# CHARACTERS

The 20th Anniversary Tour of the Monkees in 1986 brought back a lot of good memories for all their loyal fans across the country. It even started a new wave of "Monkee-Mania" for some fans not even born when the first Monkees craze hit us in 1966. But what we didn't expect from all of this was to be taken in by the talent and personality of a rock band from New Jersey. After their appearance at the 1986 Monkees convention in Philadelphia, everyone was talking about The Characters.

If you've attended any of the recent conventions, you've probably seen The Characters perform most of your favorite Monkees' tunes and even enjoyed their own songs, like "Maryann", "Troubled Times" or "Miss America". Perhaps you've had a chance to meet them personally, get an autograph, or have your picture taken with them. If you have, then you already know that all four are very personable and dedicated musicians.

Playing at the conventions has also opened the door to many opportunities for The Characters. In a very short time, they've gained their own international following, have worked with distinguished entertainers, and even performed on stage with The Monkees. Some highlights include:

.... Recording with Monkees' producer Chip Douglas Hatlelid during the spring of 1987 in Hawaii. The band spent six weeks working in the studio with Chip, who is best known for producing the albums *Headquarters* and *Pisces, Aquarius, Capricorn and Jones, Ltd.* for the Monkees.

.... Surprise performances on stage with the Monkees last August at the 1987 National Monkees Convention in Teaneck, New Jersey. The Characters backed Micky Dolenz and Peter Tork on "Heart and Soul" and later backed David Jones on "Hippy Hippy Shake".

.... Playing at the reunion of the songwriting team Tommy Boyce and Bobby Hart, who wrote many hit songs for the Monkees. The Characters joined the duo on stage in Teaneck to remember some of their hits including "I Wonder What She's Doin' Tonight" and "I'll Blow You A Kiss In The Wind".

.... Working with the Monkees on their video for their 1987 single "Heart and Soul". The Characters appear briefly in the video, and were also present for the video filming of "Every Step Of The Way".

.... Playing with Alan Green (co-author of David Jones' autobiography <u>They Made A Monkee Out Of Me</u>) at Monkees conventions in Detroit, Michigan and Tacoma, Washington.

.... Playing again with David Jones at the 1987 Monkees West Fest in Los Angeles, California. This time they backed David on two songs ("Hippy Hippy Shake" and "Every Step Of The Way"). Later that weekend, they took part in an all-out jam featuring DJs Jim Monaghan of WNEW in New York, and Rodney Bingenheimer of KROQ in L.A.

The Characters are currently making plans for the coming months and some projects may include even more work with the Monkees. You can also catch their original songs on KROQ (106.7 FM) Los Angeles, during Rodney Bingenheimer's show Sunday nights between 8:00 and 11:00 p.m.

If you'd like to read more about The Characters or their work with the Monkees, please send a self-addressed-stamped-envelope, or a 22¢ stamp and $1 for a sample issue of The Characters Fanzine to: The Characters Fan Club, 2629 Reid Street, Union, New Jersey 07083.

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NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

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It was on a Sunday afternoon in the spring that Peter finally saw her again. He had gone to an art gallery alone where he often went when he wanted to clear his mind of everyday things. For looking at great art inspired him to create great music. Mike sometimes went with him, but had something else to take care of that day; Micky's taste in art leaned toward comic books; and Davy was off with some girl as usual. Peter walked into the gallery and there she was, looking at a painting, her back to him. Her hair was short; she was wearing a plain skirt and blouse rather than her former fine clothing and jewelry; yet he was certain that it was her. "Persephone!"

She turned and looked at him in surprise. "Yes, that is my name. Have we met?"

He was struck dumb with confusion. There was no recognition in her eyes. Yet it was her face, her form, her sweet voice. And more besides. For she was wearing the love beads he had given her. Now she fingered them in an unconscious gesture as she looked at him in increasing curiosity. At last he said, "How did you escape?"

"Escape?" She echoed the word as though it were one unfamiliar to her.

"From Mr. Zero."

Again she looked blank. "I live here with my mother. I know no one by that name." Every spring, Mr. Zero had said, Persephone must return to the earth's surface. But apparently she had no memory of the time she had spent in the Underworld. Could it be that the demon had finally released her from her bond for good? "You keep staring at my beads," she said.

He blushed. "I was wondering where you got them."

"I...don't know." Haltingly, she said, "You see, there are gaps in my memory. I feel that I have been sad for a long time, but that now I can be happy. I'm sorry I don't remember you. But I have a feeling that we were friends. Is that true?"

"Yes," Peter said. "We were friends."

"Then let us be friends once more."

"I would like that," he said.

She smiled, and he felt his heart lighten.

They spent a pleasant hour at the gallery, and then Persephone suggested that they go to her home. "I want my mother to meet you."

Persephone's home was in an old neighborhood on the outskirts of town. There it stood, a house that must have bee grand when it was new, but was now falling into disrepair. She took his hand as they walked up the porch steps. "Your hand is cold."

He was nervous about meeting her mother.

"She'll like you, don't worry." She led him inside. "Mother!"

The walls were covered with fading wallpaper; the sagging furniture was thread-bare. A somber-looking woman came out. She looked at Peter, and their eyes met in mutual knowledge. For, you see, she knew instantly who Peter was, and what he had once meant to her daughter. Persephone had told her the whole story before her memory had begun to fade. "This is my friend, Peter," Persephone said.

"I'm glad to meet you, Mrs. —"

"Just call me Demeter."

"Peter's a musician. He plays in a rock group."

"You've given up the harp?"

"He doesn't play the harp," Persephone said impatiently. "I told you, he's a rock musician." She dropped Peter's hand. "Why don't you sing something for us?"

They were both looking at him expectantly. He looked away, not knowing what to say, then he noticed the piano, a spinet, pushed into a corner as if half forgotten. "Could I use your piano?"

Demeter inclined her head graciously.

Peter sat down at the bench and tentatively played a scale. The keys were yellowed, but had a sweet tone. He played the flowing opening chords to "Shades of Gray." As he began to sing, Persephone came to stand beside him. She was silent, but when he glanced up once, he saw that there were tears glistening on her cheeks. He came to the last verse:

"It was easy then to know what was fair, when to keep and when to share. How much to protect your heart, and how much to care."

"That's enough," Demeter said.

He stopped.

"Persephone, Peter must be thirsty. Why don't you get him something to drink?"

"Would lemonade be all right?"

"Lemonade would be fine."

Persephone left the room.

"Your song, it's not true," Demeter said after a moment.

He got up. "What's not true?"

"There's still black and white in this world. And he's the blackest there is. Yes, she told me everything. Now she's at peace. But I'm still heartsick. I remember the first time he abducted her, dragged her down into the earth to his dark kingdom. They say she wept for three days. And don't think he's not coming back for her. It's this way every time. After she's been here a week or so, she forgets everything. Until he comes for her."

Peter felt a chill run through him. "He let me go."

"Because he had no choice. Not from the goodness of his heart. Because he has no heart. He lusts after everything that is good and innocent and pure, because it is everything that he is not. That is the source of the attraction. Not love."

"I won't let him take her."

"A nobel sentiment. but you won't be able to stop him. Don't you think I've tried?"

He was silent.

At his heartbroken expression Demeter softened. "You're exactly what I would have wanted for my daughter had things been different. But don't get too close to Persephone. You'll only be hurt if you do."

Persephone came back, bright and cheerful, carrying a tray with the lemonade. "Are you having a nice talk? That's good."

Spring grew into summer. Peter did not heed Demeter's warning. He was young; he was in love; and he spent every moment he could with Persephone, because he could not help himself. They met in a field that grew wild beyond the town. Today the air was scented with the fragrance of flowers. They knelt in the tall grasses, looking up at the serene blue sky in silence, for they had no need to talk. They were content simply to be with one another. After awhile Persephone moved closer to him. She began to stroke his hair, letting its soft strands fall through her fingers. "You have such pretty hair."

"So do you. Why did you cut it?"

"I'll let it grow again if you like it that way." Because she was smiling, looking into his eyes, it made him bold. He leaned forward, caught hold of her, and kissed the hollow of her pale throat, and then her lips. She returned the kiss warmly. As he held her, he felt that his heart would burst with happiness.

Later he went home to find the others practicing. They looked up as he walked in. Micky said, "Where've you been all afternoon, Pete?"

"Oh, around," he said vaguely.

"You were supposed to be here at three o'clock to practice," Mike said. "We talked about it yesterday."

"I forgot."

"You've been doing a lot of that recently. What's going on?"

Peter didn't answer.

"I know," Davy said suddenly. "Peter's got a girlfriend."

He blushed. They threw down their instruments and ran to him.

"Is this true?" Mike said.

"What's her name?" Micky asked.

"And why didn't you tell us about her?" Davy said.

"Because—" he hesitated, and then blurted it out. "She's Mr. Zero's wife."

"Are you out of your mind?" all three said simultaneously.

"I don't want to talk about it." He started away. But they would not let him go. They dragged the story out of him.

Then Mike said, "What will happen when Mr. Zero comes back and finds out that you've been fooling around with his wife?"

"If you don't care about yourself, think of her," Davy said. "If you let her fall in love with you, it will break her heart to have to leave you."

"What do you want me to do?" Peter said.

"Stop seeing her. Now."

"No!"

"It won't be that bad, Pete," Micky said, trying to soothe him. "Just tell her, it's been fun, she's a groovy chick and all, but you're too young to get serious about anyone."

"Or that you have to go somewhere," Davy said, "on a long trip. For the rest of the summer."

"You want me to lie to her?"

Davy flared up. "We're trying to save your life, you idiot."



Peter burst into tears. All these weeks of keeping his dilemma hidden had finally taken their toll.

"No look what you've done," Micky said accusingly.

"I didn't mean to. Please don't cry, Peter."

"Leave me alone!" He shook off Davy's comforting arm.

"Let me talk to him alone," Mike said.

Micky and Davy looked at each other, shrugged, and went out.

Mike waited till Peter had calmed down before he said anything. The he handed him a handkerchief. "Here. Wipe your face."

Peter did so.

They stood there awhile in silence as late afternoon shadows slid into twilight.

Then Mike said, "You really love this girl, don't you?"

Peter nodded.

"Look, I'm not going to try to tell you what's right for you to do. Because that's your decision. But if you need us, we'll be there for you. You know that, don't you."

Peter nodded.

"Good." Mike gave him an awkward hug. "Now let's go get some dinner." He ruffled Peter's hair.

## MIKE FARRELL

Dear Ms. Hofheins,

Thanks for your letter.

I'm afraid that, since it was so long ago, I really don't have much of a recollection of the work I did on The Monkees.

I can't, frankly, remember if I actually worked with Peter or not. I remember that all the boys seemed nice and were pleasant to me, which I appreciated. Beyond that, I'm afraid, I can't be much help.

I hope that Peter is doing well and that your fan club is a pleasant experience for all of you.

Peace!

Mike Farrell

# NEW TORK STOCK EXCHANGE

FOR PETE'S SAKE, THE PETER TORK FAN CLUB is a registered member of the National Association of Fan Clubs. Yearly dues are $7.00. The New Tork Times is published bi-monthly. Ads are free to members. Please keep ads to 25 words or less. Deadline for news, articles and ads for the August/September newsletter is July 1, 1988. If there is a check mark in the box on the mailing cover it means that this is the last issue of your subscription and it is time for you to renew. You will receive a free photo of Peter with your renewal.

MONKEE STUFF FOR SALE: "Every Step of the Way" picture disk $10. Sealed LP "Then and Now" $10. "Trenchcoat" poster $10. English import "That Was Then.." EP $15. Poster in very good cond. All others in MINT. Prices include postage. Send cash or money order ONLY to: Joe Martinez, 7113 Derickson NE, Albuquerque, NM 87109.

WANTED: Monkee Business picture disk LP in MINT condition. Joe Martinez, 7113 Derickson,NE, Albuquerque, NM 87109.

BE A PEACE ACTIVIST: Help us "Save The Texas Prarie Chicken"! This is a cause in which we believe and that we hope all Monkee people do. We send a bi-monthly newsletter to help inform and entertain. Please join us in our cause by sending a SASE for more information. STPC,Ltd. c/o Denise Dailey, 285 Wellington Road, Webster, NY 14580-1441.

ON SALE: Over 200 Teen Magazines (1965-1968): Monkee Spectaculars, 16, 16 Spec, Fave, Flip, Tiger Beat, Teen Set, Teen Beat, Teen Scoop, Teen World, Dig, Hulabaloo, Fifteen, Etc. etc... Most are mint. Affordable prices: Send 2 25¢ stamps for entire list. Nadine Sandauer, 8219 Hydra Lane, San Diego, CA 92126.

Would love to trade fictional short stories/ novelettes with Monkee fans. I have several and am willing to swap them for yours. Please write! Tammy Hofheins, 3368 South 1100 East Salt Lake City, Utah 84106

On Sale: PETER TORK, MICKY DOLENZ and DAVY JONES fans!! New, updated Audio List!! 90 minute cassettes of extremely rare and solo songs for EACH Monkee. Excellent quality - over 29 songs per tape. Specify desired Monkee. Order 1 tape for $8.50, 2 tapes for $16.,three for $21.!!! Nadine Sandauer, 8219 Hydra Lane San Diego, CA 92126.

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FOR SALE: I have 4 Original Heart and Soul Rhino Videographies for sale. 17.00 each, includes postage. Mail to:=Tammy or Teresa Hofheins, 3368 South 1100 East, Salt Lake City, Utah 84106.

FOR SALE OR TRADE: Micky's Japan Tour book in mint condition. Will trade for Davy or Peter's Japan tour book or 1967 Monkees tour book. Will sell for $25.00. SASE please. Amy Seitz, 257 S.W. 10th St. Newport, Oregon 97365.

READ ANY GOOD BOOKS LATELY? Wish the heros had been Peter, Mike, Micky and Davy? Fret no more. MONKEE TALES is here. A fiction fanzine that caters to your fictional desires, brought to you by the people who bring you the New Tork Times. Four seasonal action-packed issues only $6.00 per year. For more info send SASE to: Monkee Tales 3368 South 1100 East, Salt Lake City, Utah 84106. Also looking for people to submit stories for publication.

FOR SALE: EVERY STEP OF THE WAY Picture Disk. Only 5.00. Sase to: Julie Adams, 1084 Nocturne Drive, Salt LakeCity, Utah 84116

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If you would like to be listed as a pen pal in our Ink Mates section please send your name address, age, etc. on a separate card to the club address. Also for something new write a few sentences about yourself or your likes and dislikes and what type of Ink Mates you want to correspond with. These must be in by the deadline, otherwise they will be printed in the following issue of the newsletter. Let's have fun with it.

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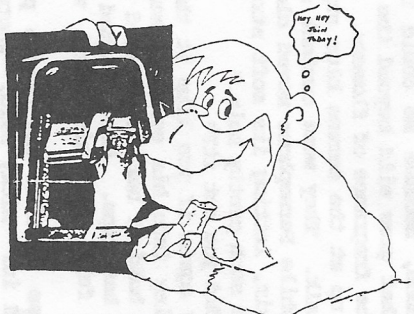


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Address Correction Requested

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